#### CLOVERPORT, . . . . . KENTUCKY.

CATALINE'S DEPENSE. But this I will avew; that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to nide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back.
Would p-knps like to try it out in the back yard
After the Senate adjourns!
Banished, indeed! I thank you for it,
as I intended to more out of town aurhow.
I held some slack altegiance til this hour,
But now my award's my own; and I
Would like to see the man that will
Attempt to collect my city taxes for this year!
Smile on, you be d-headed snipes of the valley!
Your Consul's merciful-wory; but if he
Dares to touch a hair of Cataline, I will
Knowkhim gelley-west and crooked;
For I am the best little man that walks
The streets of this burg, and don't you lorget it!
Banished from Rome! What's banished but set

free From daily contact with the things I loathe? From daily contact with the things I leathe?
Your cruan-grinders on every street corner;
Your critisens, packing plaster-of-Paris Images
Around on cellar doors, and solling them
To one wives for our winter cothing!
"Tried and convicted traiter!" Who says this?
Let him show his bend and I'll bust it
If it costs me forty dollars!
I go; but, when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of occan in the earthquake-rolling back
In swift and mountaineus ruin. In tai
You build my funeral pile, but your best blood
Shall queuch the fisme! Back, slaves!
I have a return ticket in my vest pocket.
—Oil City Derrick.

#### WITHOUT A PIGTAIL.

1. "When I'm a man you shall have a proper horse, and not a thing like this, he said grandly.

"Perhaps we shan't play together then, though," she answered. 'Oh, yes, we shall," he said thought-ly. "You know," he added patronizingly, "I marry you - that is, if you are pretty, and can spin a peg-top, and don't mind jumping a ditch, nor do stupid things that are of no use at all."

'Perhaps I shan't want you to marry," she replied scornfully. "I should like to marry a soldier." I shall be a soldier, and you are sure to want me to marry you," he said with decision, and she believed him, and from that day forth she considered the matter settled. And when many a year later he told her, laughingly, that he was only a poor soldier, and must marry an heiress or remain on foreign service

all his life, she was not very uneasy, for she felt sure that then he was only joking.

They had many a walk and talk together before the first spell of foreign service came. Alic Granger's uncle lived next door to Maggie Dunlop's parents, and as her father was an invalid, and her mother was wholly engrossed in attending upon him, the goings-out and comings-in of that young lady were not subject to the amount of attention they might otherwise have received. The consequence was that when

Alic Granger came to Porlock to visit his remarkably well-off uncle, he beguiled his time by talking with pretty Maggie Dunlop, until he also beguiled her heart "I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said, one day about eighteen months after he had gained his com-

" Guess what it is." "You are going to be promoted," sh Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the army. Guess

You are going to marry an heiress; there was a lump in her throat as she

Wrong again; no inestimable young person with green eyes, a turn up nose, usceptible heart, and fifty thousand a year, has turned up yet. But it's some-thing nearly as good. I'm ordered to

"Oh, Alic!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of

concealing her feelings. Why, what are you crying for ?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a

pigtail and an ivery toothpick, and whole lot of things, and-'Yes?" she said, listening attentively. "But then you'll be a young woman -I forgot-and 'out,' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak

to a poor lieutenant; you will have all the squires about the place at your feet." "Oh no, indeed I shan't, Alec," she

said eagerly.

"But I tell you, you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find you—" Then seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful. "I believe I shall come back and find you as great a little darling as you are now, and if we have got any money we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after-unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie,
like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you

ever write to me, Alic, dear ?" "Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing, you

know. Poor Maggie, it'll ruin you in postage stamps. 'I don't care," she answered rocklessly.

So Alic Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed and noncame. Then a year passed and no letter

"Perhaps he's ill, or it's miscarried," she said tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese heiress had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alic's silence. Poor little

At last the brilliant thought struck her that she'd write to Alic, and she did, and then—for Maggie was getting older —pride stepped in and would not let her send her letter. Two years passed, and

never a word. "It's too bad," she said bitterly, and wondered ruefully if he really had mar-ried a wife with a pigtail. And the days and months went by, and Maggie journied on into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alic Granger, and at last she gave him up altogether.

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors pounced down, and she and her mother were sold out, and all Porlock and ten miles round talked about them, for Porlock and ten miles round loved its scandal as much as the rest of the world, and though it grieved over the misfortunes of others, it still appreciated the subject for dis-

Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home by a sister who was well off and bad-tempered, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get her own living, which being precisely Maggie's own opinion as well as intention, she advertised for a situation as governess. One of her answers, from a garrison-town, stated that Mrs. Marshall required . Maria Patterson, cussion they afforded.

a governess for her three little girls. Maggie thought she should like to live in a garrison place! she might some day see Alic there, not that she descend to speak to him after his neglect, of course, and not that she cared—oh desr, no! So she accepted it.

Mrs. Marshall was a stiffnecked sort of a woman, and stared hard at poor little Maggie. Colonel Marshall, her husband, was a nice old man, with a bald head and was a nice old man, with a bald head and an iron-gray mustache; and there was a grown-up daughter, a Miss Patterson, Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband, who was really the mistress of the establishment, for Maris Patterson the establishment, for Maris Patterson as trong will, and she was an heiress.

"No more did I," put in Alic, who was always irrepressible."

"To deliberately send the children out of the way, and have Mr. Granger up into the schoolroom."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," said Alic, who was a way if he were beginning a speech. Maria was skinny, and twenty-five if she was a day, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to so did the colonel, to consider your people who did not dare say them back

One evening when Maggie had been about a year there, and she was sitting alone in her schoolroom, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather

dance; will you be ready to come into ried the drawing-room and play, if we should us."

"I fear I can not play dance music very well; I never keep time, but I will said Maggie.

try," said Maggie.

She then put on her shabby black evening gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers into her golden hair, and waited patiently for the summons, hoping she would wait in vain. It very soon came, and with a roll of

music under her arm, a flush on her innocent frightened face, and a scared, aldescended, and timidly opened the draw- pered aunt. ing-room door, and then stopped still for a moment staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There was the heiress with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, him. The color rushed to Maggie's face, as if to say a hurried good-bye, and then left altogether. She recovered her selfpossession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity towards the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment he

was at her side. "Maggie, my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you—" and then she did not know how to go on; so added almost piteously, "I am the governess here."
"Are you? oh, I see, then that is the going to marry a little girl without a reason I've not seen you before. I sup-

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coldest manner.
"Why, of course I do; we have been

playfellows ever since we were born-haven t we, Maggie?" and Maggie, feeling that she was being backed up, answered bravely, "Yes,"
"Oh, indeed! how interesting!"—

then, turning to Maggie, "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop?—This was to be our dance, I think," he said to Alic, and sailed off with him triumphantly.

' he said, "but nobody knew.' "It didn't matter," she said huskily, letting her fingers wander carelessly over the keys to make believe she wasn't very

interested in what he said. "Yes, it did-it mattered a great deal. Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you-clubs to fight with, and a little heathen god or two, and a statue of Buddha, and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I mean in the house?" he said these last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded

a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and saying that she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without being able to get even another look at Alic.

HI. The lessons did not progress well the next morning. Maggie was thinking of Alic, who was no doubt strolling about the common, listening to the band and making love to the heiress. Suddenly, at about twelve o'clock, just when Mag-gie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock on the schoolroom door. "Come in," she said. The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alic Granger.

"Oh, what will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next halfhour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and I thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dears," he said, turning to Maggie's wide eyed, open-mouthed pupils, "I'm sure you'd like to be let off your lessons, so I'll let you off for half an hour; you along my little deer." an hour; run along, my little dears," and he opened the door for them, and shut it after them. "Oh, Alic!" she said in fear and

trembline "Oh, Maggie!" he answered mimick-ing. "What did you mean by going away from Porlock and not leaving any address?

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote," she answered helplessly. "No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell well enough But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you

But Alic, they'll never forgive me.' "Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least, so

he says. "You will get me into dreadful trouble—you will indeed, Alic. Miss Patterson came in this morning, and scolded me for talking to you last

"Never mind, she was only jealous," he laughed. "Now tell me how soon you can leave here." What for ?" she asked innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we greed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette?"
"No, but you are engaged, are you

"Miss Dunlop!" screamed Maria orror struck.
"Mr. Granger!" said Mrs. Marshall

"Hoity-tojty!" exclaimed the colonel What does all this mean?" 'She must leave the house at once!'

said the heiress.

"Of course she must," Mrs. Marshall said. "I never heard of such a thing in my life

house my home, and I have done so. Miss Dunlop here was a playfellow of mine once, and when I went away we were engaged, but somehow we lost sight of each other when we were a few thousand miles between us, a d it was flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know liberty of calling on her this morning, one or two of them like an impromptu and we were just arranging to get married next week when you interrupted

> "Quite right, quite right, my dear Granger," said the old colonel heartily, you shall be married from here-

"Oh! please let me go to mamma—do let me go at once," pleaded Maggie, finding her little tongue at last. " I think it would be much more sat isfactory if Miss Dunlop went back to her relations," said the heiress sourly. So they all finally agreed, and that

very afternoon Maggie packed her modest belongings and all the curiosities, nost hunted expression in her eyes, she and went to the well-off and bad-tem-

"But, Alic," she asked in the rail-way carriage—for he escorted her, of course-"I thought you were going to marry Miss Patterson." Old you, Miss Goose? Well, you

ser Miss Patterson is a charming girl, and sunburnt and soldierly-looking was and doubt, but somehow the men don't Alic Granger. There was no mistaking him. The color rushed to Maggie's face, best endeavors she has not got off yet." The bad-tempered aunt received her niece very graciously when she found she with was going to marry well, the following week. As for poor Mrs. Dunlop, she felt could have jumped for joy, only she was too old for such violent exercise. "Pray, Miss, what are you laughing to

ourself about?" asked Alic the evening before the wedding day.
"Nothing, Alic, only when you were away, I used to think sometimes that perhaps you'd married a Chinese heirese

pigtail; and I am very happy, my dar-

g-are you?" Very, very," she said; and she was.

Fast Life of the Nobility. To Lord Aylesford, who recently figured in London as an unsuccessful petitioner for a divorce, might, with much pertinence, be addressed the words of Junius to a brother peer: "Reflect for a moment, my Lord, what you are, and then what an Earl of Aylesford might have been." Lord Aylesford had the misfortune to lose his father, to whom he had given much trouble, soon He came up to her directly the dance was over. "I went down to Porlock to try and find out where you had gone taken out against him for assaulting possibly just to keep up his spirits in bereavement—persons by throwing flour at them en route from races. A few months later he was in the Court of Chancery with a petition for relief from certain money-lenders to whom he had given post-obits bearing sixty per cent. interest. Lord Chancellor Selborne quashed the loans, but with some scathing reflections on the petitioner. Then he set to work once more to knock down an honored name and spiendid fortune, and complely succeeded. In this he was much assisted by his wife, a member of a conspicuously fast family.
While Lord Aylesford amused himself,
Lady Aylesford did not fail to do likewise, and at last her "gallivanting" ended in elopemement with Lord Blandford, oldest son of the Duke of Aber-corn. Under the Divorce Act the Queen's Procurator-commonly called the Queen's Proctor-is empowered to intervene in a suit if he has reason to suspect collusion or that the petitioner is guilty of the same offenses he alleges against the respondent. This the Queen's roctor did in the suit of Lord Aylesford, with the result noted of inducing the surrender of the petitioner and the d smissal of his case.

## Lying as a Fine Art.

A liar, like a poet, is born not made; a natural bent in the direction of unveracity and high cultivation combined with constant practice will do much, but they usually do too much. For a lie to be of any service it must be supported by a great deal of truth. One lie may be told on the single vital point; but all the auxiliaries must be true, else the sham is easily detected. If a man lies with too great a fluency, and scat-ters—so to speak, instead of concentrating his powers on a single point, he can never attain to any eminence. We know quite a number of promising young liars who have failed in life from this cause; they lied with such extravagance that in a little while people ceased to believe the truths that were necessary to buttress the falsehoods, and thus the young men failed as utterly to produce effective false suggestions as if they had habitually spoken the truth. Anybody can speak the truth. But it requires a great deal of genius, invention, selfpossession, ingenuity, and knowledge of human nature to tell a falsehood that will hold good for three days. Artistic liars are consequently almost as rare as those persons who like George Washington "could not tell a lie." The great mass of mankind attain eminence neither as speakers of truth or of falsehood. Very arge numbers tell what they call "white whenever they get into an inconvenient place; but these usually deceive very little. They are the social lubricants. Still they may be well told, told with grace and in style; and this is comparatively rare. They are usually successful when they take the form of flattery, because the hearer is ready to believe. Care should be taken, however, not to "cut it too fat." A liar to be effective must not talk too much. The Great Silent Liar is the most efficient. Those fellows that will ride twenty miles to correct a truth, are sure to be great talkers. If a man talks a great deal he is in danger of drawing too freely on his resources and exhausting them so that they fail him at the time of need. We throw out these suggestions because we notice a number of young liars of great promise, who are pursuing false methods. If it be worth while to lie at all, it

convince a man that every human has seven million pores.

should be done with care and finish.

How to Manage One's Fellow Crea-

And here we may offer to those who would live comfortably a little counsel upon the method of managing one's fellow creatures. Never be so weak as to consult their comfort when it interferes materially with your own; never stay listening to a story when you would pre-fer to be telling one yourself, but imme-diately break away from the egotistical wretch, covering your retreat with as thick a varnish of good-breeding as you can manage, unless, of course; your enter-tainer be poor, and of no reputation; in which case you can break away without any excuse at all. Above all, never be afraid of ordering your fellow creatures about. Eight persons out of ten do as they are told, and the longer one lives, the more plainly does one observe the similarity between masses of buman beings and flocks of sheep, who will con-tentedly follow their leader through a miserable gap in the quickset hedge, while a five-barred gate close by is wide open ready to admit them. Therefore, order boldly, and you will be obeyed. But remember a great deal hangs on the word boldly; for if you make a mistake, and express your desire in a diffident, hesitating way, as though there were any chance of a refusal, you will probably get the refusal. Everything comes to him who waits, is —по, was—a proverb. «The last reading of it is, "Everything comes to him who asks." Do you want a situation in your friend's banking establishment for your Hopeful, whose ideas of his father's purse are on too liberal a scale -well go and ask for one, and if refused ass again, and so on da capo until you get what you want. It is no trouble, and besides it is so gentlemanly too. It does not look well? Nonsense, every body does it; and who are you that you should set yourself up for being better than your neighbors, forsooth? You think it a pity the old-fashioned cloak of humility and modesty, especially for a young person, is never worn now? O, my friend! it has gone out of fashion long ago; we must do as others do, or we would be left so far behind in the race that we should never reach the grand stand at all.

# Samples from a New Style of Reading Book.

A Western paper wants modern im-provements worked into school reading books, and offers the following as a sample of the sort that would be up to the spirit of the age:

The horse is on his nest. He is a fine horse. Can he make his mile in two minutes? Some horses have the scratches. So do some boys.

"The goose is on her roost. She is a fine quadruped, and has a tender tenor voice. Can a goose fiy far? No, neither the goose nor the rhinoceros can fly far.

"Here is a man. He is a fireman.
He belongs to No. 10. If you are a good boy, you will some day be an angel like this fireman. It is a dangerous thing to be a fireman. They sometimes get

Here is the gas works. It is a high building. All our Congressmen are born here. Do Congressmen ever steal? You may be sure that they do. Do you see that small boy? He is a

their heads broken.

good boy, and supports his mother by selling newspapers. His father don't have to work any more now. "Here is a picture of a young widow. Her husband could not pay her dry goods bill, and so he died. Do you think she will get another man? She

think she will get another man? will try hard. "Here is a seaside. You see that 'swell' there drinking spring water? What is he here for? For his health. Will he get it? Yes, if his father's money holds out, and she don't get engaged first to that fellow with the paste

iamond. "What is that man doing there? He is counting over Government green backs; he is a pub ic official. See how fast he counts! Those one dollar bills on the left hand side are the money he is to return to the Government, and those ten dollar bills on the right are the money he is going to put into his pocket. It is a good thing to be a public official? Now

you're talking.

"Here is the face of a reporter. See how joyful he looks. He has just heard that a man has cut his own throat, and he is going for the item. Should you like to be a reporter, and get licked on dark nights, and see dead persons, and climb up four pair of stairs?"

## A Spoiled Dog.

Next to a spoiled child, there is nothing of its kind more odious than a spoiled dog. Who has not foamed with inward rage while one of these latter darlings barks, snarls and capers around, its mistress, meanwhile, evidently pecting the visitor on whom it lavishes unwelcome attentions to deprecate even the feeble remonstrances which she addresses to her pet? If the animal is discovered to have worried a piece of coat or shawl, Madam expresses much horror at the time, but no sooner is the victim's back turned than she relates to a confidente how the "too-lovely" Fido, the darlingest of darling little doggy woggles, worried, "yes, he did, naughty, naughty little dog," a great piece out of Mr. Thompson's shawi. It is excellent fun, of course, to the dog and "his missy," but an unmitiga ed nuisance in the ever of at least pieces out of the eyes of at least nineteen out of twenty of her visitors. Some time ago, a visitor at a house where there was a particularly odious, snarling pet, carefully watched his opportunity and when every one was well out of the way, called "Lulu" (such was the brute's pare), to him of the way of the way to him. name), to him. Of course she didn't come, when, having carefully closed all doors, he took a short yet supple whip in one hand and Lulu in the other. From that hour Lulu became, so far as he was concerned, the gentlest of her race. "See how good she is to Mr. --" (the castigator), her mistress would say, when any one complained; and so in-deed she was.

Maggie Darrow of North Adams, Mass., received an unkind letter from her lover and her grief was extreme. Her uncle and aunt, with whom she lived, asked her to go to a restaurant and eat some ice-cream, their belief be-ing that ice-cream would cure her hurt heart. But the vened was a to file. heart. But the remedy was not effica-cious, for on the way Maggie jumped, into a stream and drowned berself.

A sisten of Sam. Bass, the Texan desperado, who was hanged for his crimes, has written from her home in Indiana to the Sheriff who hanged Bass, asking if her brother really said he was going to hell. An affirmative reply was sent. And now let Bob Ingersoll keep

IT was the widow of M. BLANC, former proprietor of the gambling tables at Monaca and Hamburg, who paid rearly \$40,000 for the diamonds in ex-Queen Isabella's diadem. The piece was bro-ken up, and the brilliants sold by weight Paragraphic Papers.

(St. Louis Journal.) The average reader of the daily news aper probably enjoys the column of se-ected paragraphs as much as, if not more than, any ether department of the paper, and yet very few have any idea where the good things that go the rounds of the press come from. Of the thousands of newspapers published in our country, only a small fraction of one per cent. innewspapers are recognized as "funny" papers? We'll say fifty, and that leaves a pretty wide margin. We have in mind, as we write, the Norristown Herald, Danbury News, Detroit Free Press, Burlington Hawkeye, New Haven Register, Chicago Journal, Utica Herald, Buffalo Express, Rochester Chronicle, Yonkers Gazette, Rochester Express. Boeton Globe, Rockland Courier, Keokuk Constitution, Whitehall Times, St. John Torch, Fulton Times, Rome Sentinel, Cincinnati Breakfast Table, Saturday Night, New Orleans Picayune, Turners Falls Reporter, Meriden Re-corder, Camden Post, Hackensack Republican, Boston Post, New York Com-mercial Advertiser, Puck, Philadelphia Bulletin, and Atlanta Constitution-certainly the most liberally quoted, if not the entire roster of the humorous press. Of this number twenty are dailies. These "funny" papers send out about a quarter of a million paragraphs during the year, and surely that amount of humor doled out with discrimination ought to keep humanity between a grin and a laugh most of the time. Anecdote of Professor Henry.

"I met him," says a Boston correspondent, "but once at Montreal. noticed that this fine-looking man, when he arrived at the hotel in Montreal, was placed at the head of our table, but did not know who he was. He came home by the same route and at the same time with us, and was very kind and courteous to my traveling companions as well as myself. What I remember more distinctly than anything else was the 'hap-pening' at Rouse's Point while we were waiting for the steamer. The professor was talkative and communicative in his quiet way, and was full of incidents of travel and adventure. Soon the steamer appeared in sight, and while she was approaching us the professor sat upon the wharf looking dreamily at her. Presently he aroused himself and said: 'I see a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer where the sun shines upon her' (it was almost sunset). 'I wonder what the cause of it is? I have seen phosphorescent light before, but never exactly like this. And see! there it is also upon the other, the darker side of the steamer. Well, cer-tainly that is very curious.' We looked, and indeed it seemed remarkable. First upon the bright side of the steamer, and then upon the dark side, would appear these curious flashes of light, and disappear almost instantly. They seemed to come at regular intervals, and it was beautiful as well as strange. Our reveries were rudely disturbed, however, by

the customs inspector approaching. 'Looking at them flashes?' "'Yes,' said the professor. 'I wonder what they are?'

'Oh, them's hot ashes they are throwing out of the ash pits.' "The professor was nonplussed for a moment, then saying quietly, 'Well, well, live and learn,' he lapsed into silence."

# Ada Webb's Romance.

[Sarstoga Letter to New York Graphic.] Much is written every year about the annual new beauty of Saratoga. This year it has settled on the biggest woman in the village, but in a quiet, social way there is no lady more admired than Mrs. William Connor, formerly Ada Webb, of the Webb sisters. In the height of her popularity and archness she married Mr. Connor, and at his request renounced the stage forever. She could easily have anticipated the fortune Lotta has made, and was at that time unrivaled in vaudeville. The grand-father of Mrs. Connor was an English banker, and her family connections are the best on the stage. About the close of our civil war she was making a tour in Canada, when Sir Garnet Wolsely, then the plain Colonel of a regi ment, made her acquaintance, and with her mother's consent proposed to her. He was a kind man, but plain and full of wounds, and she decided to refuse him. They parted friends, and his correspondence, still in her hands, is a pretty souvenir in the life of Othello's successor, the present Governor of Cyprus and hero of Magdala. The sister of Mrs. Connor, Emma Webb, is the wife of a prosperous merchant at Ko-komo, Ind. Her last public appearance was at Saratoga three years ago, when she recited for a charity, and Henry she recited for a charity, and ment, Wilson made one of his last speeches in-

troducing her.

relieve it in a day or two. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough.

A lemon eaten before breakfast every day for a week or two, will prevent that feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring.

Perhaps its most valuable property its absolute power of detecting any of the injurious and even dangerous ingre-dients entering into the composition of so very many of the cosmetics and face powders in the market. Every lady should subject her toilet powder to this test: Place a teaspoonful of the sus-pected powder in a glass and add the juice of a lemon. If effervescence takes place the powder is dangerous and its use should be avoided, as it will ulti-mately injure the skin and destroy the beauty of the complexion.

"ENLARGEMENT fate degeneration acute information of the heart," is what killed a citizen of this county, according to the testimony of three rustic physicians, who held a post-mortem examination. Those doctors will not probably lose their lives by any kind of

THE relationship of a man and woman in rainy weather is discovered. If they are lovers the woman will have all of the umbrella, and the man won't care a fig how wet he gets. But if they are married it is just opposite. Marriage makes the difference, that is all.—New York Mail.

STATISTICS are being brought forward to show that the number of marriages are decreasing, but nobody has thought to say anything about the buttonless shirt which may now be obtained of all first-

The British Columbian Method.

(San Francisco Chroniele.) The neighboring province of British Columbia has latterly been in the threes of an anti-Chinese agitation quite as vigorous as that now prevalent in this state, and measures for the abatement of coolie immigration and a reduc-tion of the scourge upon civilization to safe control have been a leading issue only a small fraction of one per cent. indulge in what has become known as
humorous paragraphing. We have
heard a good many people say it was getting to be fashionable for newspapers to
be tunny, as if humor were a style that
could be adouted or discovered by the government party, entitled the Chinese tax bill, after a long
course of spirited discussion, attended
with a variety of propositions to amend be tunny, as if humor were a style that with a variety of propositions to amend, could be adopted or discarded like a high collar or a pair of box shoes. Coming right down to bottom facts, how many form, except a reduction of the proposed tax on Chinamen from sixty dollars to forty per annum. The parliament was apparently unanimous on the necessity of restricting Chinese immigration and regulating coolie labor, and the opposition to the bill, evidently excited on behalf of those interested in fostering coolie labor, manifested itself in urging delays and amendments calculated to render the act ineffective or to incur the disapproval of the superior author ity of the dominion government. Al-though subject to the approval of the governor general, and to the imperial sanction as well, if its provisions may be found to conflict with any treaty ob-ligations binding the British govern-ment and its dependencies in common, the act becomes immediately operative, and the Chinese have the alternative of paying their tribute of forty dollars per capita, or commuting by labor upon the public highways at the rate of seventyfive cents a day, less the expense of board and lodgings. This obligation is rendered unavoidable by a supplementary clause imposing a severe penalty, either by fine or imprisonment, on any person employing a Chinaman who is not armed with a receipt from the government as evidence that he is duly licensed to labor in the province. The number of Chinese in British Columbia at present is estimated at between five thousand and six thousand, and taking the lower estimate the aggregate revenue from this source will amoun to the round sum of \$200,000, which is considerably in excess of the entire revenue of the province heretofore realized from taxation. About fifteen hundred coolies are employed in the salmon can neries on Frazer river, and these will be held to a tribute of \$45,000, which sum the employers may advance on the wages of the coolies if necessary. For some years past the Chinese have been taking out nearly \$2,000,000 annually from the gold mines of British Columbia, all of which has been sent out of the country, with a large amount in addition gained from general pursuits. There expenditures in the country for any other benefit than the trade of their own merchants is infinitesimal, and they have thus far almost completely escaped tribute to the government which tolerates and protects them, through their shrewdness in concealing the value and ownership of property and their proverbial talent for falsehood. The presence of the Chinese in the province, their numbers having been largely increased in the past few months, has also imposed a heavy burden on the taxpaying public, by reason of their lawless-ness and the necessity of maintaining hundreds of them in the prisons. Viewed on all points, the people of Brit-ish Columbia believe that the new law is entirely just and proper, and it is ex-pected that the effect of the act will be to interrupt the coolie invasion, encourage the departure of a surplus already in the low's hatred province and hold these that remain to no bounds. the payment of their fair proportion of the expenses of government.

#### The Scourge of the South. [Atlanta Constitution ]

It matters comparitively little where the yellow fever came from. It does not lessen its terrors to know whether it first came from the West Indies or West Africa. It concerns us to know that after the germ of the disease is brought to our shores, its development to the epidemic point depends upon a low ele-vation, high temperature, and a heated atmosphere. Heat and humidity are alike essential. It is never contagious, but it is terribly infectious under the circumstances named, and its progress from the point of infection steady and generally sure. In a city it progress is about forty feet a day, and is, therefore, often called the creeping plague. It is well established that the infected atmosphere lies close to the ground, a high wall often arresting its progress. In no instance has the disease assumed an epi-demic form in the United States, where heat and humidity were not combined. It has rarely prevailed to a dangerous extent away from large bodies of water. It has never become epidemic in this country at an elevation greater than four hundred and sixty feet above the sea level. It has appeared as far north as Quebec and Halifax, but in all of the northern visitations it religiously clung to the water side. Fort Smith, in Arkansas, four hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, is the high-est point at which the fever has ever pre-vailed as an epidemic in this country. We state the facts to show what nature A piece of lemon bound on a corn will has done for Atlanta. She has given us a site one thousand and fifty feet above the level of the sea, an elevation which forbids the propagation of the dreaded fever, even if welcomed by the most shocking sanitary abuses. Filth can bring to our doors dreadful diseases, but the plague of the tropics is not one of them.

> Professor Edison, while in Virginia City, Nev., stepped into a telegraph office, and a local paper describes him as "the worst dressedman in the room by all odds. An old black hat, a cheap shire with the attached on the boson present. with the studboles in the bosom unoccuwith the studholes in the besom unoccu-pied, a two-bit necktie several months old, coarse pants and vest, and a mouse-colored linen duster completed his attire. One of the office boys asked him to put his name in an autograph album. He wrote a line that looked like print and fixed his name at the bottom. Everyhas name at the bottom. Every-body admired the marvelous penmanship, which was empathically a new style. The letters were awkwardly made, taken singly, but when grouped in a line all looked exactly slike, as if engraved on copperplate. 'You couldn't take thirty words a minute and print like that,' said one. 'I can take forty,' was the realy.

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

DRESSES for autumn are cut with long ORGANDY lawns are popular in yoke

pleated blouses

FROM a hotel register: "S. B. Jones and lady on a bridle tower." THE most popular dress at the Paris exposition is white batiste.

FASHION dictates that fans must be carried and no longer suspended. GENIUS in a woman is the poorest ex-cuse in the world for bad housekeeping LINEN handkerchiefs, with Oriental

dots, are the reigning novelty in lingerie. BUNCHES of violets or Marguerites are worn at the side with loops of rib-Four hundred women students will enter the University of London this

THE soft roillon feathers, tipped with

geld, are only used on hats for youthful

THE most expensive hosiery have the monogram worked on them, in silk and

UNIQUE watches of tortoise shell are worn suspended from the right side of THE London Queen says that the de

mand of the times is for a woman who can teach wemen. LADY CARINGTON, one of the richest brides of the day, started on her wedding

sour in a simple pink gown. DRESSES for croquet and lawn tennis purposes are made to clear the ground and are rimmed in bright colors.

Bags of kangaroo skin, large enough to carry a dress without rumpling, are the convenient and useful new goods. Some prejudiced observer says that you g women utter those little screams not from fear, but to attract attention. An Iowa Journal tells of a Keokuk man who subdues his wife by threaten-

GIRLS will be girls, says the Reading Eagle. O, no; that's a mistake. If the girls' wishes are consulted they'll all be married women some day.

ing to leave her and go to the Poor-

THE craze of Chicago women over the jailbirds is not inexplicable. like birds: and they generally visit the man who has been a robbin'.—Chicago

CHICAGO possesses a precocious female orator in Miss Rowe, aged thirteen, and the hardened sinner of the Burlington Hawkeye speaks of her as another Sissey-Rowe. THE municipality of Prague has for-

bidden the wearing of dresses with trains upon the streets, because of the injurious to the public health, raised by them. LADY CAROLINE NORTON left \$500 in her will to "the good cause of woman suffrage." Mrs. George Oakes, another

Englishwoman, lately contributed \$2,-500 to the same cause. ARTIFICIAL flowers are now sold in sets" of four bunches. One little bunch is for the hair, one for the belt, another for the throat, and still

another to hang from the chatelaine. BESIDE the grand old ocean She stood in rapt devo ion With a look that seemed to grasp some visionary

land;
Then turned about her paces,
One of the barefoot graces,
And her larry feet retreating made post-holes in
the sand.

-Bosies Foet. THE man who invented French beeled shoes did it to avenge an injury once done him by a handsome woman. She jilted him, and since that time the fel-

low's hatred of the fair sex has known FEMALE artists are invading the domain of art in France in formable numbers. In 1874 there were 286 female exhibitors at the Salon; there were 312

in 1875, 446 in 1876, 648 in 1877, and 762 in 1878. It's the fashion now-a-days when girl gets married to send samples of the wedding dress for her friends to dream on instead of a chunk of wedding cake. It isn't half as apt to attract the mice, and never greases the pillow case.

Yonkers Gazette. A DUBLIN woman was arrested for simply setting a bull-dog upon her husband, aged eighty years, while he was sick in bed, the animal injuring the man so badly that he was not expected to live. It seems that a woman can't have any fun at all over in that down-trodden country. There is no encourage-

ment to keep a cross dog in Dublin. Woman is naturally gifted with quicker wit, better judgment, greater self-possession than man, but there are very, very few women who can appear at ease and look pleasant when unex-pected callers auddenly surprise her with a set of teeth in each hand and none in her mouth. And it is pretty difficult for the callers to look unconcerned under such circumstances, too .- Burlington

TAKE MY LOVE A KISS. O seagu'l, take my love a kins
Across the desert of the sea;
Histe it beneath thy silver wing.
Nor stay nor stop for anything
'Till he is kissed for me!
Nay, heed not skies nor stars nor ships
Till it is laid upon his lips:
Oh, kiss him soft for me! Oh, kas him soft for me!

ssy, s agull, that I sadiy wait
Upon the very outmost shore,
With watching eyes and stretching hands
And tears down-dropping to the sands
Where waves wave backward o'er and o'er,
With breaking heart and broken pride
Love plaints I scatter t. the tide—

Will Time or Tide my love res'ore?

—"M. T. F." in the Sunday World.

A FELLOW with a demoniac look on his face, entered a sawmill yesterday, and sauntering up to a buzz saw which was in rapid motion, deliberately hald his leg in front of it. As the teeth cut into the member, seven men fainted and thirteen turned so pale that they were mistaken for wooden buckets and snatched up by horror-stricken bystanders and dipped into the river. The proprietors could scarce maintain their composure as they into the river. The proprietors could scarce maintain their composure as they saw the parts of the dismembered leg fly off, but the man most interested was as cool as Caarles Francis Adams, and said he had an old grudge against buzz saws and just wanted to sass this one. His leg was a wooden one, and when the saw found out, it gnashed its teeth, gnawed a file, and bit itself in seven places, because it was so mad at being trifled with.

Keoluk Constitution.

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gly, but when grouped in

oked exactly slike, as if engraveo

opperplate. 'You couldn't take thirty

words a minute and print like that,' said

one. 'I can take forty,' was the roply.'

The fastest operator present took one
end of a wire, and Edison, sitting at the
receiver, picked up a sheet of paper and
said, 'Let the message come.' He sat
there three minutes and took one hundred
all of
t care a
they are
Marriage
all.—New

A Lewiston pauper living at the
City Almahouse recently offered up the
ing prayer: "O Lord, bless the
ing prayer: "O Lord, bless the
ing prayer: "O Lord, bless the
hands, and letting drive, send it clear
through the body of a deer.